

Future/Perfect, Part 3

A Scenario for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game*

Written by Dennis Detwiler

Published by Arc Dream Publishing in arrangement with the Delta Green Partnership. The intellectual property known as Delta Green is ™ and © the Delta Green Partnership, which has licensed its use here. The contents of this scenario are © Dennis Detwiler. Editing, layout and additional material by Shane Ivey. Updated 14 OCT 2019.

The Secret Dream

Duxbury, Pennsylvania, is shrouded in secrets. Since 1971, a Hunt Electronics subsidiary called Hunt Specialty Services (HSS) has come to own the town. Under the leadership of CEO William Lassiter, HSS bought the town piece by piece, turning small purchases into subsidiary businesses. It pays well enough for the locals to be more than happy with the deal. The town was brought into the company fold and is kept safe and warm.

As far as the public is concerned, HSS employs a large staff to design microelectronics that are manufactured elsewhere. Between the HSS plant and its countless tiny subsidiaries around town, Hunt Electronics is by far the largest employer in Duxbury. People are happy. The schools are good. The company takes care of things. There is no major crime.

There is a part of HSS that people don't much talk about. Not because they fear it but because it is secret, and HSS has earned their loyalty. There are parts of the plant where only certain employees go. Sometimes, people come in from outside town and go to those secret places without ever being seen at HSS again. The word is that they come in for special, high-tech training and depart again, all quietly to protect trade secrets.

If enough Duxbury locals compared enough details, they'd realize that many of those outside trainees never came out of the HSS plant at all.

In detailed records that no one outside Lassiter's inner circle ever sees, tens of millions of dollars and thousands of man-hours have been invested in the work of that secret part of the plant. But no one outside the plant knows what



they're doing at there. The task at hand is clear only to those on the inside, and they're not talking.

It's clear that HSS doesn't build things. Shipments never come out, they only go in. It's not a data center or a think-tank; communication to the outside world is restricted. It's not some sort of treatment plant; it's just a series of plain buildings in one of the most secure company sites on the planet.

But in the last ten years, accidents have plagued the HSS plant at Duxbury. Twelve people have died.

Only William Lassiter seems to know, exactly, what it's all for.

Despite all that, HSS reports record profits year after year. It sends designs out to other Hunt Electronics companies and receives lucrative royalties in return.

For the last four years, William Lassiter has told employees to expect great things from the Duxbury Project. Behind closed doors, HSS management plan their next steps.

In a way, Arthur Hunt's dream to change the face of the Earth is alive and well with the company elite.

The Skinny

For the past 30 years, the Duxbury plant has been home to a hypergeometric gate reconstructed from Arthur Hunt's alien notes. We refer to it as simply "the Gate." It is identical in function to the Hellbend gate, but it is stable. It is now in common use by an elite cadre of personnel who have established an outpost in the distant past. It is the one "safe" location that they have discovered in decades of experimentation.

The Gate has also been the key to his financial success. HSS studies the ancient world and operates an intermittent mining operation to pay the bills. Through the Gate, tons of gold, platinum, and silver have been brought to the present day. HSS' supposed work designing devices for Hunt Electronics is little more than a shell game.

William Lassiter is a zealot. He has seen enough to convince him things commonly thought of as ridiculous—spirits, aliens, and time travel—are not only real, they are practical and exploitable. Further, Lassiter is obsessed with the Gate and with Arthur Hunt.

Duxbury, Pennsylvania

Area	97.43 square km (37.62 square miles)
Population	9,248 (2010 Census)
Founded	1810
Industries	Engineering, metallurgy, and research
Temperatures	High, 36.6° C (98° F) Low, -23.3° C (-10° F)

Lassiter knows that Arthur Hunt was a serpent creature in human guise, and he is absolutely certain that other beings like Arthur Hunt exist in the world. They may even be in control of the government and other major companies and organizations. Lassiter plans to take no chances. He is willing to do anything to maintain the integrity of the Duxbury Gate, and has sanctioned blackmail, bribery, and murder to protect the company's secrets.

Lassiter has hundreds of hours of video of alien creatures brought out of the past, as well as hundreds of biological samples. Any day now, he is certain, creatures like Hunt will return and use their advanced technology to enslave humanity. The Gate, and the outpost in the past, are humanity's only hope.

Coming to Part 3

The first two scenarios of *Future/Perfect* can be played in any order. But play those before you play Part 3 and Part 4. Part 3 follows the Agents to Hunt Specialty Services, a little-known subsidiary of Hunt Electronics, which they discovered in Parts 1 and 2. Part 3 runs directly into Part 4, and is in fact the only way to Part 4. Part 4 leads to the unnatural secrets beneath Hunt Specialty Services and through the veil of time itself.

A warning: If you plan to run Part 4, review it before you run Part 3. It includes notes about the machinations of the Great Race of Yith that may affect your presentation of Part 3. See the introduction and **AN ACTUATOR IN PART 3** in *Future/Perfect*, Part 4.

Suspicious From Parts 2–3

At some point after completing Part 1 or Part 2 of *Future/Perfect*, it is likely the Agents will look into the current state of Hunt Electronics. Although H.E. has corporate offices in many locations, it quickly becomes clear that Duxbury, Pennsylvania, is the focus of H.E.'s most important and secret project. This project, housed at a microchip research facility, has been the subject of numerous reports and stories for the past 10 years. But no one outside the company has any idea precisely what's going on in Duxbury. All anyone knows is that it's expensive and William Lassiter is certain of its success.

Leads From Delta Green

If the Agents are left without leads after Part 1 or Part 2, Delta Green can easily get them involved. After Hellbend, Delta Green may send word that the machine which leveled the Hunt Electrodynamics plant in 1952 might be currently under construction at Duxbury.

Following the Chester investigation, Agents who have poked into the history of Arthur Hunt might see analogs between Hunt and William Lassiter, the current CEO of H.E. and its Duxbury subsidiary HSS. Lassiter's obsession with the Duxbury plant's secret project has been third-string public news for some time. In that way, Duxbury bears a remarkable resemblance to Hellbend, California, prior to the disastrous explosion of 1952.

The Bust

Alternatively, HSS could come to the Agents' attention with the arrest of Jonathan Emery in New York City.

On a gray Monday morning, a 22-year-old employee of Hunt Specialty Services, Jonathan Emery, was detained and questioned by TSA officials at LaGuardia Airport in New York. Emery was pulled aside in a random search, and his evasive answers and nervousness quickly drew the suspicion of his interrogators.

During his questioning, the 340 kg of engineering equipment he was bringing to Switzerland was searched. The equipment was supposedly specialty "testing devices" for a subcontractor in Berne. A quick check on this story proved it false. There was no subcontractor in Berne, and arrangements had been made by Emery for a car to pick him up at the airport.

Found within each device were hidden compartments filled with small gold ingots, totaling nearly 100 kg, with a value of nearly five million dollars. This stunning revelation opened a veritable landslide of questions. Emery had very few answers.

Emery was held by federal authorities as a suspected smuggler. He immediately promised total cooperation. He claims (and his story has proven true) that he has made a similar trip twice a year for the last two years.

Emery is employed at the New York offices of Hunt Electronics. Although he knows about HSS and Duxbury, he has no insight as to what might be going on there. He only knows that the equipment he escorted overseas came from Duxbury, and that each time he travelled to Switzerland, he received a cash bonus of \$5,000.

It all seemed shady, but money is hard to ignore. Emery did his best to overlook the warning signs. By his third trip, he was fairly certain he was doing something illegal. The main give-away besides the payout were the rules: don't open the cases for any reason; always check the luggage as "specialty equipment"; never let the luggage out of your sight once on the ground; deliver the luggage by specialty van to Credit Suisse Bank in Berne. Once at Credit Suisse, the luggage was taken away by attendants and white-gloved men with sidearms. Emery often spent extra days in Berne for leisure, and even travelled much of Europe two trips ago.



Emery knows he is in deep trouble, but has no idea what he was moving. Emery is simply the messenger, the man with the key to Hunt Electronics' greatest secret: the HSS plant at Duxbury, Pennsylvania.

Running Part 3

Future/Perfect, Part 3 is a very open scenario. Instead of detailing particular occurrences, it details the characters, locations, and activities of those involved in the Duxbury conspiracy, and tries to address the Agents' likely points of entry.

Here are some common problems possible in such an open-ended scenario, along with several suggestions on how to handle them.

Slowdown

Sometimes a scenario seems to slow down to a crawl, with no leads, action, or engaging threads for the Agents to pursue. Here are ideas that can kickstart things:

- » **DEATH:** An accident claims the life of a Duxbury employee, opening a new avenue of investigation. There is unusual legal wrangling about surrender of the man's body until it is finally handed over to the coroner. Every bone in the worker's body is pulverized, and his skin has been split by massive pressure. The cause of death is listed as a "water pressure die cutter" accident, but sea water is found in the man's lungs.
- » **HIT:** An Agent is targeted for execution by an anonymous "mechanic" hired by Jim Avary through untraceable means. The killers is skilled and coordinated. Only the quick or the lucky survive.

Dead End

Sometimes, too-efficient Agents exhaust every obvious lead far too quickly. Unleashing one of the following on them should renew the mystery.

- » **QUAKE:** The Duxbury area is rocked by an anomalous 3.2 earthquake. Scientists are baffled, but dogged research reveals the epicenter of the quake to be 50 meters below the Duxbury plant.

- » **DISEASE:** People begin getting sick. This mysterious "fever" pops up in town and claims the lives of 10 children. The CDC is brought in after a strange, plant-like substance is found in the bloodstream of two of the children. The only common denominator in the case seems to be the Duxbury plant. See **THE ROT** in *Future/Perfect*, Part 4, for details.

Peaking Too Soon

Agents might be clever enough to rapidly organize a raid on the Duxbury plant. For decades, CEO William Lassiter has been expecting such an occurrence. The plant will not simply roll over to local police or federal authorities. As far as Lassiter and his key employees know, anyone on the outside might be the pawns of the "others," the serpent-folk that still haunt the modern world.

Contingencies are in place to lock down the facility into a veritable fortress. It cannot hold out forever, but can turn what would normally be an affair that might last a day or two into a month-long standoff riding the headlines of CNN. That's something no DG Agent wants.

Revelation

This odd outcome is remotely possible. If the Agents meet with William Lassiter, and lay their cards on the table about Arthur Hunt's unnatural nature, might gain his trust or even his eager cooperation. In a way, Lassiter is building his own Delta Green: an organization to save humanity from supernatural threats while hiding the truth from the world at large.

If the Agents gain Lassiter's trust, he asks for an exchange of intelligence "as a show of trust." Lassiter will be forthcoming with everything but the Gate, his ace in the hole.

If the Agents manage to recruit Lassiter as a "friendly," it is a major victory. The focus of the scenario should be switched to damage control: covering up the oddities of the HSS Duxbury plant, including the arrest of Jonathan Emery for 100 kg of gold at LaGuardia Airport.

It won't take much for some spinoff of March Technologies to begin sticking its nose in. Once it senses the opportunity, it will take everything the Agents have to keep it from consuming the secrets of Duxbury.

William Lassiter

Clever and beguiling, William Lassiter is a quiet legend. He is not well known to the public but has been the subject of many stories, exposés, and speculative documentaries.

Born over 70 years ago in Ann Arbor Michigan, he was an excellent student who excelled at all things mathematical. He never married. Lassiter began in business as a hand-picked protégé of Thompson MacAfee, the man who succeeded Arthur Hunt as leader of Hunt Electrodynamics after Hunt's untimely death in 1952. After a chance meeting following a speech, MacAfee brought Lassiter into the company straight from the University of Pennsylvania at the tender age of 20.

It was clear to all that Lassiter was the heir apparent from his earliest days at the company, when he was put in charge of "Special Projects."

Lassiter made some prescient predictions about the direction of consumer electronics, and was given more and more control of Hunt Electronics' most important divisions.

By the time he was 30, Lassiter ran the company for MacAfee, who had long since moved to a desk job in New York. This transfer of power was made official on October 28, 1977; when Lassiter became CEO for Hunt Electronics and Thompson MacAfee retired.

Lassiter immediately took the company in new directions. Huge amounts of Hunt Electronics resources were diverted from defense contracts to component production in the burgeoning home computer business, which at the time was in its infancy.

Over the next decades, Lassiter maneuvered his company completely unscathed through the volatile electronics sector. H.E. earned record profits, secured new and lucrative contracts, and did business the same way as ever: behind closed doors.

Lassiter is known to be strange and distant individual, eccentric but never stupid. He is both feared and admired in the business world. He makes his home at Duxbury, in a large estate on a hill overlooking the Hunt Special Services plant. He has stayed in that home less and less as the years have gone on.



Meeting Lassiter

Setting up a meeting with Lassiter without some government pretense is an absolute impossibility. His social calendar is packed, his business calendar, doubly so. Without a warrant, or some legal angle such as an investigation of H.E., Lassiter is beyond approach.

If the Agents present evidence of wrongdoing on the part of a Hunt employee, or a warrant, or some other "legal" angle, Lassiter is forthcoming and polite. Agents are allowed into lavish offices in a Duxbury office park, separate from the plant. They are extended every courtesy and kindness and then escorted into a vast boardroom to meet Lassiter.

William Lassiter is a small, quiet man whose intelligence is stamped upon his wide, wise face. He is disarming and kind, working his way into the good will of even the most grave Agents. He has not maintained his position for 30 years through lack of social acumen.

If the Agents at any time threaten Lassiter, they will see the other reason he has maintained such power. Lassiter makes plain that any move to implicate any Hunt company in legal wrongdoing will be met by a team of lawyers suing each Agent individually for slander, libel and harassment, as well as suing every state and federal department involved in such an investigation. Lassiter does not make this point hyberbolically. He states it in the manner of a man stating that the Earth moves around the Sun: It is a fact.

However, Agents hoping to pin crimes on a Hunt employee operating outside the auspices of company directions find Lassiter once again cooperative and kind. Lassiter produces all manner of perfect evidence to indicate that such an employee was being investigated by H.E. itself, and that Duxbury police also had a file on him. (For example, Lassiter could produce photos of Jonathan Emery illegally moving components from the Duxbury facility—components containing large amounts of gold.)

Lassiter's Hobbies

Quiet research into Lassiter's hobbies reveals some oddities. Beginning in the late 1970s, Lassiter started purchasing antiques, including antique books and artifacts from all over the world.

His most significant purchases have topped the million-dollar mark. Unlike most magnates of his type, Lassiter does not lend these items to public institutions, instead keeping them for himself at an undisclosed location.

Lassiter does not answer to this hobby if directly confronted with it. He instead says, "I have many hobbies. I'm a collector at heart." He then changes the subject.

His purchases include:

- » **THE AVES REFLECTOR:** An odd object recovered in Belize in 1660 A.D. It is a burnished bowl of an odd highly reflective metal. Local legend indicates it can reveal those hiding in superhuman disguise. Whether it can or not is up to the Handler.
- » **LES GENS DU REPTILE:** A French text ("The People of the Reptile") from 1651 A.D. It outlines an odd offshoot of Christianity which revered serpents. Their leader was a man called "Adolphe F." who disappeared before the cult was shattered by church authorities. *In French*. Study time: *weeks*. *Occult* +1%, *Unnatural* +1%, *SAN* loss 1. Recommended rituals: *None*.
- » **THE LITKE PAPERS:** Russian notes from the first white men to land on Ponape in the South Pacific, in 1828 A.D. It covers the islanders' religion, including their belief that reptiles can eat and become people. *In Russian*. Study time: *weeks*. *Occult* +1%, *Unnatural* +1%, *SAN* loss 1. Recommended rituals: *None*.

- » **THE NECRONOMICON:** Lassiter's Latin translation of the infamous tome (which influenced *De Vermis Mysteriis*) has extensive margin notes that focus on "the worms of the Earth." These beings are supposedly hidden among mankind, and represent a much older species, often mistaken for demons, witches and angels. See page 156 of the *Handler's Guide* for details.
- » **THE QUETZACOATL CODEX:** An original Aztec codex in long, folded sheets of deerskin, from about 1525 A.D. It describes the rites to Quetzacoatl, the feathered serpent, the god of mathematics. This is in original Aztec pictographs and is damaged by fire. *In Nahuatl*. Study time: *weeks*. *Occult* +1%. Recommended rituals: *None*.
- » **THE TURNER PAPERS:** A series of papers from 1789 A.D. examining the impact of one Adolphe Friest, of Swiss extraction, who terrorized a small Connecticut town with "sorcerous acts" and was finally burned as a witch. *In English*. Study time: *weeks*. *Occult* +2%, *Unnatural* +1%, *SAN* loss 1. Recommended rituals: *None*.
- » **DE VERMIS MYSTERIIS:** The "Mysteries of the Worm," detailing "the worm that walks," which some readers interpret to mean a serpent or snake. The book describes, in detail, the ability of some "worms" to pass as human, as well as ways to recognize them by seeing their strange shadows and reflections. See page 163 of the *Handler's Guide* for details.

On the Radar

Lassiter is aggressive and effective in dealing with threats both real and perceived. Agents who pester Lassiter find the hammer falling on them from several directions at once.

Lassiter attempts legal recourse first, pulling strings. Agents who are officially on the job (those who have somehow had themselves legally assigned to the case at hand) find themselves leaned upon by higher-ups, who urge them to "redirect the investigation." There is never any talk of why, and likewise no talk of closing the investigation, only redirecting it to members of H.E. or HSS who are operating outside corporate authority.

Agents who still continue find themselves served with subpoenas to legal proceedings indicating slander. These suits are private, not against the federal government but that Agent as a private citizen. Lassiter's lawyers are a vast cadre of company men who do everything they can to extend, confuse, and blur the reality of the situation. They seek millions of dollars in damages. Such a case, though it holds no merit, could easily bankrupt an average Agent.

If Lassiter's men discover that the Agents are not officially sanctioned (which can happen quite readily in any DG investigation), they may employ more dire means to quiet the Agents.

Lassiter's private investigators tail the Agents, who must roll **Alertness** to detect them. Agents will be isolated and either made to disappear or turn up as a mysterious suicide. Usually, this only needs to happen to one Agent for the others should get the hint. Lassiter's investigators are experienced, anonymous, and deadly. They have no direct connection to Lassiter, and will die before revealing their involvement in a conspiracy.

Jim Avary, Security Chief

Agents attempting to meet Lassiter soon notice his shadow: Jim Avary, the Duxbury plant's head of security. Avary is a veteran in his 60s, having served with the Army Rangers. He is resilient and should not be underestimated.

Avary has worked for Lassiter for 22 years, following a stint as a security contractor for defense companies around the world. Since beginning at HSS, Avary has risen to become Lassiter's right-hand man. He oversees

Lassiter's personal security as well as security for the Duxbury plant.

Avary knows all about the Duxbury Gate. He is a zealot for Lassiter's cause and will give his life to protect it. To protect Lassiter and HSS, Avary will not hesitate to use deadly force and simply accept the consequences. He is confident that Hunt's world-class lawyers will protect him.

Avary rose to prominence at HSS following his introduction to the Gate, then unfinished, and his rooting out of the threat of Lewis Ahmed. Ahmed, a scientist who had access to nearly all the company's research on the science of the Gate, turned out to be...not human. Avary determined that the real Lewis Ahmed had somehow been replaced by an inhuman impostor during a visit to New York. He caught the threat in the nick of time, with the Gate's first activation only a few weeks away.

"Ahmed," one of the serpent-folk, remains in custody in the depths of the Duxbury plant. It has become Lassiter's linchpin in recruiting new members to his cause. The creature is kept under 24-hour armed guard in a specially constructed vault.

After the Ahmed discovery, Avary purchased large numbers of heavy weapons on the black market, and hired a hand-picked team of "brownshirts" with combat experience. These mercenaries, like Avary, were exposed to the "secret threat" that hung over the modern world as their final initiation. They, too, are zealots, certain that the threat to the world is both very real and growing.

Avary is never far from Lassiter. Outside the plant, he is Lassiter's constant shadow, usually flanked by six or more "Brownshirts." See **THE BROWNSHIRTS**, on page 10, for details.

Agents approaching Lassiter in the outside world find themselves face to face with Avary. He intercepts and deflects their attempts at uninvited contact, regardless of their credentials.

Avary does respect authority when it is properly applied. Agents attempting to contact him through his personal secretary find him cooperative, even friendly, and he gladly arranges a tour of the public areas of the Duxbury facility.



The HSS Plant

The HSS plant in Duxbury is located on one hectare (2.5 acres) of land outside the town proper. It is surrounded by two runs of security fences, six meters (20 feet) high and topped with razor wire. Every fifth fence-pole is topped by a swiveling security camera, which is monitored 24 hours a day by Avary's brownshirts.

The HSS compound looks like any other corporate site in the world, except perhaps a bit cleaner than usual. Smooth, asphalt roads meander all over, connecting all buildings. Signage at each intersection clearly points the way to each building. It includes two huge, main buildings, a parking shed for golf carts, a storage bunker for industrial supplies, and a restricted array of electrical transformers.

Entry

The main entrance is “airlocked,” separated into its own section by a series of fences. It is overlooked by a cement security building with bulletproof glass, which looks surprisingly like a bunker. Only delivery trucks enter this way.

Employees and visitors park outside the facility, in a parking lot which is walked by security every 25 minutes. There, employees exit their vehicles and walk into the security office.

Security Office

A squat, two story concrete building with two entrances sits next to the entrance like a sentry: the security office. The brownshirts have all manner of men and equipment stashed in this structure, and Jim Avary's office is here. Anyone foolish enough to get into an armed conflict in this building is in for the fight of their life. If a breach occurs, dozens of brownshirts rush from this building, armed to the teeth.

In the security office, employees and visitors are subjected to something called “flashing.” One by one, they enter a small room and are subjected to bright ultraviolet light. Staff say that is for “destroying microbes which might damage sensitive materials in the plant.” In actuality, this is a room designed specifically to stop creatures like “Ahmed” from ever entering the plant again. In the security office, guards watch the shadows cast by the



flashes. Avary and Lassiter have learned that serpent-folk in disguise cast their own, inhuman shadows.

Once through the flashing process, each employee is issued a one-day badge with a 256-bit unique security code. Such badges open only “permitted” doors in the facility, and all such activity is logged. Signs everywhere read “ONE BEEP, ONE PERSON.” That means that when passing through doors, each person must wait their turn and swipe their security card individually. Avary and Lassiter hold the only cards which permit more than one person to travel room-to-room in the plant. Anyone attempting to sneak another person through a door triggers a silent alarm and alerts security.

(Agents who steal a badge can duplicate it by rolling both **Art (Forgery)** and **Computer Use**. It will only work that day. Cracking the code of a future date is not possible without access to a particular computer in the security office, which is always manned.)

Buildings A and B

The two main buildings, Building A and Building B, are large, industrial structures of corrugated steel, concrete, frosted gray windows, and steel scaffolding and piping.

At first glance, the buildings look nearly identical. The only difference is that Building B has what appears to be a large industrial incinerator jutting from the west side. The chimney from this incinerator often spews a thick, black smoke at night. It is through this incinerator—actually a series of incinerators leading up from an area near the Gate—that HSS disposes of biological samples from the far past.

If the Agents maintain surveillance on the site for two days, they see that almost all activity seems to take place in Building B, not Building A. But if they finagle a tour of the facility, they are escorted only to Building A. Building B remains off limits due to “the risk of revealing trade secrets.”

For details, see **INSIDE BUILDING A** on page 11 and **INSIDE BUILDING B** on page 21.

Golf Carts

Two small overhangs house a half-dozen electric golf carts each, as well as charging station. Personnel use these vehicles to cover ground in and around the plant.

“Storage”

A small but heavy building sits on the road near the main buildings, labelled “Storage.” It has no windows and is built like a bunker, with a steel door sunk into its face. The door is incredibly resilient and pressurized. Breaching it is no easy task and is almost certain to draw attention.

The storage bunker contains disused heavy construction equipment, but that is a cover. Inside, an unmarked padlocked door opens to stairs leading down. They descend to a complex network of stairs, refuge areas, and further levels, all hermetically sealed. These wind down all the way to the Gate level, 50 meters below Building B.

This is an emergency exit, and is one of the few oversights of HSS. Lassiter and Avary discount the likelihood of people entering through this passageway. If the Agents manage to break in, they find it remains unguarded and unwatched most of the time.

Transformers

A fenced and padlocked area just beyond the main buildings houses a large array of electrical transformers, stacked in rows. Anyone with **Craft (Electrician)** or an equivalent skill at 20% or higher can tell the transformers are built to carry a heavier load than is usual in a facility like this.

This is in fact HSS’ very own electrical relay station. After complaints from the town about random brown-outs and black-outs, HSS paid for a special connection to four electrical grids in the area. The load is now spread across four counties instead of the Duxbury substation.

HSS requires a huge amount of power to run the hypergeometrical gate control apparatus. If the relay station is destroyed, the Gate is neutralized.

HSS Personnel

The 550 full-time HSS personnel are all true believers in William Lassiter’s mission. Every one has personally witnessed the creature they call Ahmed, and with evidence like that, it’s difficult to deny Lassiter is on to something.

The employees are very similar in countenance, behavior, and personality. They are carefully chosen and even more carefully screened for discretion and loyalty. None have any close family. Nearly all are single, or else married to or in relationships with other HSS employees. Every one left a high-paying job to come to HSS.

They are experts in fields from quantum mechanics to microbiology. Many were hired through the recommendation of friends already employed at the plant.

The list of employees and their disciplines might seem odd—the staff includes mechanical engineers, geologists, and even two paleontologists and a linguist—but company HR documents explain these away. For example, the paleontologists are being used in robotics research, working on new artificial legs; and the linguist is pursuing voice recognition technology.

The personnel are divided into Blue Team, Red Team and Green Team. Blue Team is in charge of the physical plant, maintenance, and security, and includes all brownshirts. Red Team is in charge of physical sciences and research.

Green Team is the most coveted position. They work “Offsite,” on the far side of the Duxbury gate. The term “Offsite” is bandied about often, but details are never given.

All Duxbury personnel live in the town or the surrounding area. Green Team employees work Offsite in monthly rotations. Except for Green Team, all employees work 72-hour shifts where they spend 8 hours on duty and 10 hours off. These shifts require them to remain at the plant. When not on duty, they are in the commissary, the barracks, or the amenities room. Almost all have houses in Duxbury for their four “off” days each week.



The Brownshirts

The “brownshirts” (so-called because of their uniform, black suit and khaki shirt) are ex-military, ex-bodyguard personnel picked by Jim Avary to defend the Duxbury plant from infiltration. They are officially called the “Security Detail” and their official purpose is to prevent industrial espionage and theft. Anyone interacting with more than one brownshirt off-duty can make a **HUMINT** roll to discern their shared military background.

For such a small facility, the number of full-time security personnel is vast. Of a total workforce of about 550, 55 are full-time brownshirts and 20 are part-time brownshirts.

Avary is particular about his men. He only picks combat veterans. They have no families, no criminal records, and no strong religious or other ties to the outside world. There are no female brownshirts. Every security officer goes through a months-long probationary period, during which Avary decides whether the newcomer can really be trusted. Along the way, Avary accumulates and documents infractions. If Avary decides not to keep the recruit, he fires him. Otherwise, the recruit sees both the Gate and Ahmed. Avary’s instincts have not yet failed him. All brownshirts are true believers in Lassiter’s cause. Brownshirts who make the cut receive ongoing training in defensive driving, self-defense, small arms, and tactics to protect the plant.

The brownshirts’ motto is “Think and Act in Equal Measure.” Folk in town speak highly of them. They are clean and quiet, and spend money that keeps the bars,

restaurants and stores in Duxbury afloat. To outsiders, they seem like robots, strange and unfathomable.

The brownshirts are very close, and Avary likes it that way. He has gone out of his way to develop an esprit de corps. He gives generous bonuses, promotions, and other perks to those who work hard and support the team. Many brownshirts are roommates. In town, they stick together.

This tight-knitted-ness works both ways, Avary is first to know when a brownshirt begins a new relationship with an “outsider,” and when any “anti-company” traits arise. Such urges are easily quashed through cash, perks, or a reminder of just what’s at stake.

All the brownshirts have been promised a place on the far side of the Gate in case of catastrophe, a raid, or invasion. They have had extensive training in defense of the facility. Avary has trained them to expect the worst. Contingencies are in place for a folding defense of the plant, where heavily armed personnel hold the line against an outside incursion while vital people and equipment are moved through the Gate.

Brownshirts On Duty

On duty, the brownshirts wear sunglasses outdoors and Secret Service-like attitudes always. They carry pistols and always have shotguns and AR-15 carbines nearby, all scrupulously legal. Like Lassiter, they are confident in the protection of the company’s lawyers. (If the end comes, they know where to find less legal but more lethal weaponry at HSS.) They operate in teams of two or three, and are in constant contact with security HQ.

If an alert is sounded, they act in quiet concert, with multiple teams folding in on any target, rapidly closing off escape routes. They have a way of taking command of a crisis.

Brownshirts are briefed daily on relevant news, such as the Agents coming for a tour. When outsiders are allowed in the plant, the brownshirts adopt a “smiling silence” attitude. They stay out of the way and speak only when spoken to. If asked odd questions, they refer the questioning party to the public relations officer and politely smile.

Agents who encounter them in this state might mistake their intentions later. The brownshirts are

level-headed and, when necessary, cold-blooded, vacillating between distant courtesy and vicious combat at the drop of a hat. It's one thing to have a security guard shooting at you. It's another thing when it happens just hours after he told you to have a nice day.

Inside Building A

Agents can get a public tour of the HSS plant just by asking Jim Avary or William Lassiter. That gets them into Building A. Under no circumstances are they allowed into Building B unless they force or sneak their way in.

Building A is a red herring. It is an incredibly detailed replica of a microchip production facility. This is the building toured when the press visits. William Lassiter maintains an office in this building that he uses only when visitors come, and a secretary who is there full time. When Building A is being visited, the area is overrun with personnel, looking purposeful and well directed. It is a wholly convincing illusion if one does not look any deeper.

When visitors are here, every part of Building A is watched by brownshirts, all linked to a central command by a secure communications net.

Large parts of Building A are hermetically closed off. Signs say any who enter must wear anti-static suits. Behind these doors, a convincing ruse of chip production runs for the benefit of visitors. Inside, technicians in white smocks make a show of working on sensitive-looking electronics. An Agent with **Craft (Microelectronics)** at 30% or higher, or who makes a roll, recognizes the devices as microchip stamping devices in the 65 nanometer range. But if the Agent takes time to examine the process in detail, the chips turn out to be junk. The production cycle is nothing more than a cleverly constructed loop.

Security personnel make only mild attempts to keep the Agents from looking into these off-limits areas. After an Agent gets a cursory glance, brownshirts come to whisk them away disapprovingly. They do everything they can to prevent more than a cursory glance. HSS security officers and lawyers then subject the Agents to legal wrangling that culminates in the requirement to sign a non-disclosure agreement as the alternative to trespassing charges.

The Agents may recognize this as a ruse. Security is extremely tight except for the moment they try to poke

their noses behind the curtains. Avary hopes the ruse can quiet the Agents' concerns.

If the Agents gain access to Building A without the plant's foreknowledge, it is like a ghost town. It is devoid of personnel even in the middle of a normal workday. Only four full-time staff, including Lassiter's secretary, occupy the building when it is not acting as a diversion. Little attention is paid to it, as long as the brownshirts have no idea anything is going on there. It could become a safe haven for Agents infiltrating the compound.



Infiltrating HSS

Anyone with a background in security, law enforcement, or crime can examine the plant from a distance with an **INT×5%** roll. Those who succeed come to the conclusion that the plant is just too well guarded to attempt ordinary breaking and entering. Those who fail such a roll believe they have found a loophole in the system, such as a weak link in the fence or a "hole" in the number of guards during a shift. Unfortunately, such a belief is simple folly. The plant is well guarded, 24 hours a day.

Disguise

Gaining access to the plant as a worker there is difficult, and it will only work for one Agent. Anyone trying to bluff their way in with a bunch of people in tow, even if they have the proper ID, automatically fails.

The first step is to capture and replace a Duxbury Plant worker before they go to work. Unfortunately,

everyone at the plant knows everyone else. The only possibility is to hit a lucky patch, make a successful **Disguise** roll, and get a recently hired Brownshirt at the entrance. Even then, the Agent must make a **Persuade** roll to make it inside.

(If an Agent is discovered at the entrance, it's highly likely some sort of armed conflict will escalate. From there, it's a single step towards a raid. See page 13.)

Next, the Agent must pass through one of the "flashing" rooms, where their weaponry and surveillance equipment will be discovered. This automatically activates the lockdown mechanism, trapping the Agent in a bulletproof cell to be dealt with at the guards' leisure.

Inside the fences, and with each group of employees the Agent runs into, the chance of discovery rises; another **Persuade** roll must be made. An Agent on the inside should have a distinct feeling of running out of time.

An Agent whose ruse is discovered will either be detained by brownshirts or killed in a shootout.

Distraction

Nothing short of a huge explosion or a fire will gain the Agents a few minutes of confused reaction at the HSS plant's entrance. It draws much of the Gate staff away from their posts, and brings in local firemen to provide a bit of unintended cover for Agents on the prowl. During a distraction event, all brownshirt detection rolls are at -20%.

The brownshirts dispatched to investigate such a ruckus are clever. Every few minutes, one of them can attempt an **INT**×5% roll to figure out that it's a ruse and report it. At that point, everyone in the facility goes on alert, and Agents soon have no choice but to shoot their way in (or out).

Breaking and Entering

Simply breaking into the facility is a sure way to lead to conflict. It is one of the most well-guarded corporate sites on the planet. Agents who show up after dark with a bolt-cutter, some firearms, and a map rapidly find themselves detected, stalked, and quite possibly killed by a brownshirt detail.

Agents must make a **Stealth** roll at -20% to get through the wire and make it to the nearest building for cover. Failure trips a motion sensor or motion-activated light and attracts a brownshirt team.

Brownshirt Tactics

At the entrance, or when on regular duty, the Brownshirts look much like any other security detail, but when there's trouble (particularly at night) they come running with less than conventional gear.

At night, brownshirts shoot first and ask questions later. They have spent years training for an incursion by deadly enemies disguised as humans. They are confident that evidence can be discarded on the other side of the Gate, and that the company's aggressive lawyers can handle anything else.

AT THE ENTRANCE: A team of nine brownshirts man the two buildings at the main entrance of the plant. Two on duty carry Mossberg shotguns.

ON PATROL: Teams of two or three brownshirts patrol the grounds of the facility day and night. The only patrol with a single individual is the brownshirt sent out to the parking lot to catalog cars.

SCOUT TEAM: Any disturbance in the wire at night calls in a scout team. This consists of three to five brownshirts kitted with night vision gear and AR-15s. Scout teams confirm and identify possible targets, just in case it's only some kids from town having fun. Once targets are located and identified—usually without the targets even knowing they've been spotted—their position is reported to the security HQ. If the incursion is something mundane, the scout team intercepts or scares them off.

HK TEAM: Hunt-and-kill teams have never been used, but their existence is testament to the conflagration that all in the plant believe is coming. An HK team is a detail of up to 10 brownshirts wearing night-vision gear and carrying fully automatic and silenced MP5 submachine guns, which they store in the secret sub-levels of Building B. An HK team may be dispatched only on the command of Jim Avary or William Lassiter. Training for HK teams is extensive and occurs once every week at night. Agents watching the plant 24/7 can make a **Luck** roll to detect these field exercises.

Raiding HSS

An FBI raid on the facility seems to be a no-brainer, but it risks terrible violence and exposure of Delta Green.

Agents watching the facility for more than a full day realize the security is run like clockwork. An Agent with **Military Science** at 40% or higher, or who makes a roll, notices the signs of a carefully constructed folding defense for the plant. Guards are set up in careful patterns designed to hold off attack while others retreat to more hardened, strengthened defenses. An open assault is likely to be a bloodbath.

The only chance a raid might have of getting to the main buildings without resistance is a carefully coordinated sniper strike, taking out all the outside guards at one time and moving in swiftly. Even then, the assault on the buildings themselves will take a terrible toll.

And there's nothing like a raid to spread information through the various agencies in the government. The last thing Delta Green wants is to alert more federal agents—let alone politicians, the press, and the public—to the mysteries of the unnatural.



A Fake Raid

Agents could exploit the isolation of the plant by whipping up some fake warrants and showing up at the entrance. Needless to say, HSS didn't survive this long by being stupid. When the Agents arrive, they are detained at the entrance while Jim Avary is alerted.

The guards are polite but insistent: the Agents must wait until Avary comes down. If the Agents try to muscle

their way in, the guards muscle back. If an Agent reaches for a gun, so does every guard in sight. Brownshirts will not fire first, but they return fire immediately, confident that the numerous cameras will back up their side of the story. Even if they are convinced the Agents have a legitimate search warrant, they will do anything necessary to keep Agents out of the factory until Avary or Lassiter tells them to cooperate.

Once the guards call Avary, he contacts legal firms and friendly politicians, trying to get to the bottom of the raid. False pretenses will quickly be discovered. If this occurs, have the group make a **Luck** roll. If they fail, they are invited in, after a guard gets instructions over his earpiece. Once inside, the Agents are escorted to Building A, where a contingent of 20+ well-placed shooters wait in ambush and demand the Agents' surrender. They mean to place the trespassing Agents under citizens' arrest until police and lawyers arrive. If shot at, they return overwhelming fire.

Locals

Suckering local law enforcement into a raid on HSS is possible, though difficult. The money that the company has brought to Duxbury has literally kept the town on the map. The Agents have to provide extensive evidence that something terribly dangerous is going on before local authorities agree to intervene. Looking into the deaths of plant workers may not be enough. Nothing short of evidence of murder, terrorism, or some looming catastrophe rouses local officials into getting a warrant and entering the plant.

This type of disinformation campaign requires significant work on the part of the Agents. And it is likely to backfire. Agents leading such a raid will find themselves hopelessly outgunned. When the brownshirts start gunning cops down, it quickly escalates to national news. So many other agencies get involved that it proceeds just like an official raid by the feds.

Feds Far and Wide

Agents who work for nearly any federal agency can pull strings to organize a raid, given enough lead time. The IRS would be interested in the gold being smuggled by the company. The EPA would be interested in reports (real or falsified) of toxic waste and/or biological dangers. If any

trouble befalls a federal government agent at the plant, the FBI takes the lead.

When the hammer of the federal government drops, HSS does not fold. Instead, a firefight of epic proportions erupts, causing deaths on both sides. While this firestorm burns, it may be possible for Agents to run-and-gun their way in. What they find is a gun behind every door, and employees out for blood in order to save humanity.

Only the most careful, fast, and accomplished Agents will survive such a raid. Those who wait for the situation to stabilize find only a charred and smoking ruin. HSS personnel that make it to the Gate room escape into the past before wired thermite charges erase the Gate, the facility, and any who remain in it from the face of the Earth.

The company has spent years preparing for this eventuality. As far as their odd world-view goes, many government agents must already have been replaced by serpent-folk like Hunt and Ahmed. It is only a matter of time before the serpents asserted their superior technology and conquered the globe once more.

The Realities of a Raid

Agents with little or no experience in a raid may find themselves woefully out of their depth. If the raid is local, the Agents can be directly involved, depending on their backgrounds. If the raid is federal, Agents have to jockey for position on the “go team” tasked with organizing and executing the raid. Otherwise, they will be pushed to the periphery, where information is hard to come by. At the Handler’s discretion, that may require a **Bureaucracy** roll.

PREPARATION: A raid is a huge undertaking. For a local raid, the police muster up more than 20 officers, armed with rifles and pistols. Their HQ will be an old box van with a radio. The build-up takes more than 24 hours. If the Agents fail a **Luck** roll, news gets to the plant and it is on alert when the authorities arrive.

A federal raid is an epic display of the terrible power of bureaucracy. Dozens of trucks, hundreds of personnel, a half-dozen helicopters, and enough weapons for an army arrive suddenly, unfolding around the plant in less than two hours. Following them come the news crews, who set up an impromptu camp like fleas on a dog, waiting for blood.

NEGOTIATION: Once it becomes evident to HSS that the authorities mean to enter the plant, the gloves come off. As long as is possible, guards attempt to keep the authorities uncertain and at a distance while Gate personnel evacuate to the past. No real negotiation will go on without an exceptional idea on the part of the Agents, only dissembling and delay.

ASSAULT: Local police hesitate to attack when the company refuses to open the doors, and must be goaded into executing a search warrant by force. Feds have no such qualms. The officials who take charge are arrogant and feel a stand-off at a local electronics plant on CNN makes them look ridiculous. This arrogance will cost them in blood.



Abductions and Hostages

Delta Green has been known, in its time, to resort to blackmail, murder and even kidnapping. It is surprisingly easy to kidnap nearly anyone, given some research, the proper timing, and enough hands to make it happen. However, the two main targets of an abduction in this investigation—the people with the most knowledge and influence—are HSS CEO William Lassiter and Jim Avary, HSS head of security. They are no ordinary people.

The one thing that keeps HSS focused in one fanatical direction is William Lassiter, the CEO. Everyone in the facility knows him on a first-name basis. He is the “founder of the feast,” so to speak. Almost all employees consider him nothing short of the savior of mankind. Most would

willingly give their lives for his safety or at least put themselves in harm's way to prevent his capture.

Jim Avary, too, is a central figure in the lives of the isolated workers in the Duxbury plant. Most will go above and beyond for him, as well.

Further, these two men are very difficult to separate from their heavily armed entourages. But if the Agents somehow manage to get their hands on one or the other, they have a good chance of getting inside.

Abducting Avary

With his high Alertness skill, Jim Avary is not easily tailed without his noticing something is amiss.

Avary has been around the block more than once, and has something going for him that most criminals do not: an absolute belief in what he is doing. His crimes are not motivated by greed but by conviction, and conviction is a very dangerous thing. Avary is certain Lassiter is the last and best hope for humanity. He will do anything to protect Duxbury's secret. He is a former U.S. Army Ranger, trained and experienced in extreme measures. He has sanctioned murder before to keep the conspiracy alive.

Avary is selfless in all the best ways. He is capable of extraordinary feats of bravery in the face of certain death, and experienced in difficult situations from the battlefield to the boardroom. He would be an ideal Delta Green Agent. He is exceedingly dangerous.

Avary drives a recently new Toyota. Nothing about him is flashy. He doesn't even dress in suits, opting instead for slacks, a button-down white shirt, and a beige wind-breaker with an obvious gun-bulge.

His house and car are not protected by security systems. Avary travels light. He carries a wallet fat with business cards, receipts, and other chaff, but little cash. In it, however are two photographs. One is a young girl in the 1980s (his daughter, Imogen), and another of the same girl, now grown, with two children of her own (his grandchildren).

Avary is curt but polite, and generally happy. He is seen in town from time to time, and most consider him friendly.

What Matters Most

Avary lives in Duxbury in a modest, two-bedroom house, but he often stays over at the plant. He takes all his meals at the plant. His house has no relevant information about HSS.

However, there are hints of Avary's military past and a family life. A small cigar box in a bedside table contains a dozen or so photographs, his Ranger patches, and, in a small plastic bag, a Silver Star with an oak leaf cluster, indicating two extraordinary Army decorations for valor.

Two photographs show a young Avary training at Fort Benning in the 1980s. Several show Avary with a blonde woman. Four photos show Avary on the ground in South America, the first Gulf War, Mogadishu, and Kosovo. The remaining two photographs show a child, one at less than a year old and later at the age of 2. The back of each of these photos is marked "Imogen Rachel Avary."

This is Jim Avary's only weakness: his daughter Imogen Grant, now 36 years of age. She is the one lever with which the mystery of HSS might be laid wide.

Imogen Grant

Agents who do their due diligence can locate Imogen Grant née Avary in a matter of minutes. She is a divorced mother of two living in San Diego, California. She talks to her father perhaps once a year, but he sends her monthly checks like clockwork. This money (which is substantial) has allowed Imogen to live in the rather upscale neighborhood of Bonita. She lives 20 minutes southeast of downtown in a large, finely appointed house. She has a regular schedule, moving her two young children—three-year-old Heather and five-year-old Michael—between daycare, school, and home. Imogen works Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays at a physical therapist's office in San Diego as a receptionist.

Her house is on the edge of large Sweetwater Summit Regional Park, making it an ideal location to hold someone indefinitely. If the Agents are smart, they will grab the family at the beginning of the four days of the week Imogen does not work. Excuses can be made for the children's school and daycare (an illness or a family death). The Agents could have up to five or six days without a single soul worrying about Imogen or her children.



Imogen is an easy target, but abducting her costs 0/1 SAN from violence, even if she is unhurt. Abducting her children costs 0/1D4 SAN from violence even if they are unhurt. Harming any of these innocents costs the usual SAN.

A single phone call to Jim Avary from his daughter under threat is enough to turn his convictions upside down and have him working for the Agents within minutes. He is a strong man, but he can't stand the concept of his daughter or grandchildren suffering. He will do anything to prevent any harm coming to them.

This chain of events allows a straight shot into the plant. Avary can gain access to any portion of the plant, including the Gate and Ahmed, and can bring outsiders with him. He is absolutely trusted by the staff and his word is law.

Still, Avary is a risk-taker. If he sees any method of duplicity that might free his family, he will take it. He watches for opportunities to send the Agents through the Gate into some distant time, instigate a shootout in

a well-defended portion of the plant, or even scramble a team of brownshirts to San Diego to spring the family.

If Avary attempts such a gambit and it fails he folds to the will of the Agents and makes no further trouble. Especially if Agents in San Diego make it seem like something happened to one of his grandchildren.

Abducting Lassiter

William Lassiter, CEO of Hunt Electronics, is a man convinced his cause is right. He is the leader of Hunt Electronics, and particularly of HSS in Duxbury. He is also selfless, to a point. If he feels he can stall an inevitable discovery of the Gate by government forces, he does so, even putting his life on the line.

Lassiter lives in the largest house in Duxbury, situated on a hill overlooking the HSS plant. (People in town call it simply "the House.") The mansion was built in 1998 at his specifications, and finished in 2001, but Lassiter has spent little time there.

Once or twice a week, Lassiter and his entourage of guards and cars travel from the plant to the mansion. Lassiter spends a day of downtime there before returning to the plant. During these periods, Lassiter reads correspondence, collects notes on his beliefs through research, and reads. Sometimes, however, he doesn't return home for weeks. (If the Agents wait more than four weeks for such a journey, he makes one if they make a **Luck** roll.)

These jaunts are the only time he is off the plant property. He has long since set up a proxy-voting system for himself at Hunt Electronics board meetings, and he teleconferences to many of them.

In the mansion or on the road is the only place Lassiter is completely exposed. Even then, he is heavily guarded.

Lassiter's Entourage

About half the time, Jim Avary runs Lassiter home himself with two brownshirts in a Lincoln Town Car, with three more brownshirts following in a Chevy Suburban SUV. The two vehicles run single-file at high speed through the town, most of the time either very early in the morning or late at night.

They are never harassed by locals. Their being stopped by police for speeding is unheard of. Everyone knows whom the cars belong to.

If Avary is with the group and the authorities attempt to pull the cars over (perhaps as a ruse by the Agents), the Suburban containing the brownshirts pulls over to deal with the law. The Town Car continues to the mansion unless it is forced off the road.

Every one of Lassiter's guards is ready for a fight to the death with disguised serpent-folk trying to kill their boss. If the cars are attacked, gunfire rapidly erupts. Brownshirts produce pistols and AR-15 rifles and fire at any attackers. If the group is on the way to the mansion when such an attack occurs, they do their best to loop around and head back to the plant. Such an attack puts the entire HSS facility on alert from that point onwards.

If the cars are ambushed in the parking lot of the HSS plant, make an Alertness roll for the other guards once at the end of each turn. When it succeeds, 1D8 brownshirts armed with rifles join the fight. More brownshirts keep coming, eventually flanking and killing the Agents.

The House Surrounded

When Lassiter is at the mansion, six brownshirts walk the grounds. They do not enter the house unless there is a problem. One guards the front door and the garage. Another guards the back door. Four patrol the one-acre lot of land around the house.

This group is keyed in on a specific radio frequency, different than the one they use at the plant, and keep their weapons concealed unless needed. They have rifles in padlocked lockers near the house's front and back doors. They check in with one another at 25-minute intervals.



Inside the house, Lassiter is occasionally visible, puttering around the house in a robe and slippers, sipping a heavily iced drink, and reading books or paperwork.

Lassiter often spends time in his basement, where he has a specially built climate controlled walk-in safe that contains his collection of rare books and artifacts. This safe is large enough to hold 10 people for some time. In this area is Lassiter's journal: an in-depth explanation of what he believes Arthur Hunt was, what Hunt was working on, the truth behind the HSS facility and its purpose, and tantalizing hints at the "Offsite" location at the HSS plant. All in all, reading this document takes two days, costs 1 SAN, adding +1% to the **Unnatural** skill.

Getting into the house requires the removal of a brownshirt at an entrance and avoiding the patrols. Doing this silently might prove difficult. The most certain method is a heavily silenced distance weapon. If a radio check-in passes without a guard reporting, the group converges on the house.

Once a sentry is removed at an entrance, the next step is getting inside. The back door is the easiest, with small glass windows allowing a quick breaking and entering. Otherwise, a lock needs to be picked with **Craft (Locksmithing)** or special training with lockpicks. This usually takes 10 minutes or more, depending on skill level.

Once inside, the Agents must immobilize Lassiter as quickly as possible. If Lassiter is given a moment to react, he either comes out shooting with his small-caliber pistol, drawing the guards, or rushes downstairs and locks himself in the walk-in safe.

Once Lassiter is secured, Agents need to get out of the area. That is relatively easy, as long as the brownshirts don't know anything is going on. Stealing the Suburban and simply driving out at high speed is the best option.

The brownshirts do not fire on the Agents as long as they are in possession of Lassiter.

Interrogating Lassiter

Lassiter is brave but not foolish. Once captured, he offers little resistance. He answers monosyllabically in response to nearly any question, offering details only if threatened with violence.

Lassiter reveals the existence of the Gate only if subjected to serious damage (3 points or more), and fills his

statements with misdirections and lies. Harming Lassiter costs 0/1 SAN from violence. Even when he tells the truth, it is difficult to discern what he is actually saying.

Lassiter's disappearance will no doubt be discovered very quickly by HSS personnel, but no police report will be filed. Instead, Avary waits for ransom demands at the plant.

When he hears what the Agents want (namely, access to the HSS plant), he is uncertain, and spends time stalling, negotiating, and running in circles.

Any direct threat on Lassiter's life makes Avary fold immediately, offering the Agents anything they like. In this situation, Avary is truthful. He lacks the leadership abilities to run the conspiracy, and the Offsite location is not ready to become self-sufficient yet. He will do anything to get Lassiter back, including attempting to induct the Agents into the HSS conspiracy by revealing the truth.

Attempting to enter the plant with Lassiter in tow is disastrously foolish. The Agents rapidly find themselves under the guns of 20 trained shooters. Four set up as snipers in concealment while the others keep the Agents distracted. If they have a chance to kill without warning all Agents who have guns pointed at Lassiter, the other shooters take down the rest.

The smart move is re-entering the plant with Lassiter guarded in a secret location. Avary is cooperative and even pleading. His goal is to show the Agents the level of threat the world is facing.

Meanwhile, Avary uses information he has on the Agents to track their cell-phone activity and investigate them. If Agents are sloppy, this may lead a strike team of brownshirts turning up at the location where Lassiter is being held.

If Avary learns the identity of an Agent, he sends brownshirts to kidnap one of the Agent's Bonds. If Agents move slowly, this might end up with a hostage trade: an Agent's loved one for Lassiter.

Abducting an Employee

If the Agents aim to kidnap some nameless HSS employee, that should be easy enough given some preparation. A good example is Walter Weeks. Weeks is a nondescript white male and a professional chemist who has spent the last 10 years at HSS. Weeks lives on the outskirts of



Duxbury in a small cottage with an adjoining farm-house, where he restores vintage cars.

No clues or valuable possessions at this house point to the workings of HSS. All that work stays inside his lab at Building B.

Weeks works on chemical samples brought through the Gate from Offsite, searching for traces of valuable substances like gold, silver, and platinum. He is well aware of what goes on at the plant, and has seen Ahmed twice. Weeks believes in the cause and is willing to do nearly anything for it, as long as it doesn't involve violence—especially towards him.

Weeks folds like a wet noodle when exposed to any threat, hollow or not. He spills all information he has:

- » HSS has constructed a Gate to the past using alien technology. Weeks doesn't know what periods HSS has visited.
- » This has been going on for over 20 years. HSS has built a permanent base at some point in the past, and has spent millions of dollars and sent dozens of personnel to populate it.

- » HSS holds an actual alien on the premises. This is beyond dispute.
- » Aliens like the one held at HSS can assume perfect human forms, have infiltrated human society, and are working to overthrow and enslave humanity. HSS is the only force in the world that knows of their threat.
- » Weeks was hired to locate valuable minerals in rocks recovered from the other side of the Gate.

Beyond these startling revelations, Weeks is of little use. He is certainly not someone the company will risk itself for. If he's used as a hostage, Lassiter or Avary will try to turn his predicament into a trap. They pretend Weeks is far more valuable than he lets on (Agents can detect this lie with an INT×5% roll) and offer to trade him for money or access to the plant.

If the Agents fall for it, a dozen heavily armed brown-shirts lay in wait. It is likely Weeks and most of the Agents will wind up dead.

The Agents could use Weeks' I.D. badge off hours, or attempting to impersonate him. See **INFILTRATING HSS** on page 11 for details. Weeks' badge offers access to all of Building B except for Ahmed's cell and the biological samples area.

Negotiation

Agents who approach the armed camp with a white flag might get to parlay with Avary and Lassiter directly. They can side-step a huge bloodbath and gain something Delta Green has never had: an active gate to the past. This coup is what great ops are made of, and it should not be easy to accomplish. Agents should have to work hard to achieve such a beneficial outcome.

Getting the Ball Rolling

Communications on the level necessary to gain a parlay between Delta Green and HSS can only go through Jim Avary and William Lassiter. These men are secretive and clever. They can talk circles around most Agents, and those who play coy find themselves lost in a maze of pointless conversation.

Avary's knowledge of the horrors that haunt the Earth is limited only to the serpent-folk and their alien science. Only bringing up something directly dealing with the serpent-folk elicits a response. Even then, he plays it cool. He leads the Agents on in order to probe their knowledge of the subject. As far as he's concerned, the Agents could be working for the serpent-folk.

Lassiter is the key. His knowledge of the occult is significant. If the Agents mention the *Necronomicon*, or unnatural concepts espoused in it such as Cthulhu, Irem, or R'lyeh, Lassiter listens to their ideas indicates that he's aware of what they're talking about.

Once this channel of communications is open, the Agents may work to enhance it, as long as nothing troublesome occurs. The moment something negative occurs, such as law enforcement interference with HSS, the lines of communications shut down and no further negotiations are possible.

Opening the Lines

The next step in successful negotiation is offering HSS some sort of olive branch. Sending such a request up the command chain to Delta Green could elicit many responses. At the Handler's discretion, it may move Delta Green to send a go-between or some intel to trade, or even open a direct line of communication between Delta Green's leaders and Lassiter.

This should be no easy task. Agents need to state their case fervently to even get a response from Delta Green. Nothing short of "HSS seems to have constructed a gate based on unnatural technology" will elicit a clear response. Even then, it might take some time for a response. Agents must be persistent, continue to feed info to Delta Green, and keep HSS on the hook to get anything done.

The Go-Between

As a representative, Delta Green sends a woman who goes by the name Michelle: white, mid-40s, professional. She takes her cues from the Agents. She is there, she claims, to open a clear and trustworthy line of communications between HSS and (as she calls Delta Green) the Group.

Michelle's cover is seamless. She drives a car rented by a shell company in Cincinnati that leads back to an empty

office rental and faked credit card receipts. She carries a full array of perfectly faked identity cards in the name of Michelle Smith. Even her features and quiet voice seem somehow blank. She travels unarmed.

Agents who track her fingerprints find she is Agent Michelle Djmetriavic of the Chicago office of the DEA. If she comes from the Outlaws conspiracy, she is code-named Agent Dana. She answers directly to Donald Poe. If she comes from the Program, she is an operations case officer who answers to Abraham Mannen.

Michelle carries a brown valise. She does not reveal the contents of the valise to the Agents in the investigation, saying that they are “need to know.”

In the valise are intelligence files from many services, years, and regions, detailing cases with any similarity to the strange story of Arthur Hunt. If all goes well, Michelle plans to share them with Lassiter in the hopes of gaining goodwill between Delta Green and HSS and establishing a common goal.

The process of HSS joining with DG should be played out in detail. It should be incredibly difficult to achieve. Play up the paranoia on both sides. Michelle never loses her temper, but she is ready to walk away at any second. Lassiter and Avary have to be convinced she is a human being, and that she is not under some alien hypnosis, and that she has the interests of humanity at heart. They have to be persuaded to trust Michelle without ever meeting the people above her. If the Agents connect the two conspiracies, they should feel a sense of deep accomplishment.



The Doppelgänger Papers

Two cases described in the valise are nearly identical to Hunt’s replacement by the serpent-folk. The rest deal with other horrors documented in official, Top Secret reports for various federal agencies, and even a translated French report from Algeria in 1948.

THE DOPPELGÄNGER PAPERS: *In English and French.*
Study time: *hours.* *Unnatural* +1%, *SAN* loss 1D4. Recommended rituals: *none.*

Contents:

- » A 1935 Army report of an incident during the construction of a dam in southern Alabama. Soldiers report digging up a “coffin” and opening it to discover the desiccated corpse of “something like a snake man,” approximately eight feet long from foot to the top of the head. The creature was classified and remanded to the possession of something called “P4 Division” in the U.S. Navy.
- » A copy of a 1966 Air Force report of a pilot of a Douglas F-4 Phantom II, who “was struck by a fast radar target,” ejected, and was found on the ground comatose. After three weeks of unresponsiveness, the pilot suddenly woke and went on a killing rampage, murdering four before being brought down by a hail of automatic gunfire. An autopsy revealed an “anomaly”: a three-foot-long, silver and red organ-like creature growing in his chest. The file is marked Top Secret and restricted to MAJESTIC clearance.
- » A 1945 report from Army troops in Iran, dealing with religious hysteria striking a small southern city. The locals were convinced that something they called Nechustan was killing livestock and the occasional person. After a Soviet soldier was violently murdered, a manhunt ensued, leading to a confrontation with a “dinosaur” in the mountains south of the town. The creature, which was shot more than four dozen times before it fell, “seemed to look like a person, but only in flashes.” When it fell, “it was a reptile, a giant snake.”
- » A translated French report from Algeria, 1948. The wording, strangely, seems to indicate that the problem it describes had been dealt with before.

Something vaguely referred to as a “skin jumper” was hunted for eight months as it moved from identity to identity. Finally, it was located and dispatched by French colonial authorities.

- » A 1977 Navy report of a cutter, the USS *Haight*, reported missing in the southern Pacific. The ship was later located, adrift, abandoned, as if it had suffered tremendous damage and repelled numerous attempts to board it. The logs spin a tale of an uncharted island occupied by a violent, small people called the “Tachoan.” The leader of these people was not human, the log claims. Instead, it was some sort of “fish man.” The position of the island is marked, though the file claims no such island exists at that location.

Inside Building B

Building B at the Duxbury plant contains the secret which powers the HSS conspiracy. Building B is always crawling with personnel. Every part of it is watched by brownshirts, all linked to a central command by a secure communications net.

The huge area above ground houses research laboratories, storage rooms, security stations, offices, recreation rooms, cafeterias, break rooms, showers, and dormitories. Below ground, it is far larger, with hundreds of rooms in a series of airlocked rings descending down to the Gate itself.

Agents poking around the above-ground levels of Building B find all manner of oddities.

Near the main entrance, a nondescript canvas bag is filled with 20 kg of roughly hewn gold ore. Two others hold equal amounts of silver and platinum ore. They're discarded to the side of a commonly used hallway as if they were filled with trash.

Boxes of MRE rations (Meals Ready to Eat) are stacked everywhere. There are military-grade, self-inflating whitewater rafts. There are stacks of ammo boxes for hunting rifles and AR-15 carbines.

One storage room holds stacks of small but heavy aluminum boxes. Each contains sunscreen, water purification tablets, 10 doses of multi-spectrum antibiotics, sunglasses,

insect repellant, a flashlight, and a Glock pistol and holster. Just this room holds enough to outfit 170 people.

Several large crates on the ground floor are filled with components that can be assembled into a huge oil drilling rig, minus only the shaft.



The Elevators

No corridors or offices reach the wide center of the ground floor of Building B. The closest Agents can get is a set of heavy, airlocked doors that face inward. A brown-shirt stands guard outside the doors at all times.

The doors open to an enormous chamber. It has about the area of a school gym but has the same ceiling height as the rest of the ground floor. The chamber has been reinforced to support huge changes in pressure. Much of this chamber is taken up by stored materials ready to be moved “Offsite.” Two brownshirts keep watch.

At the center of the immense room is a set of three large, specially constructed elevators that only go down. Each opens only with the swipe of an approved key card. Each is large enough to carry an economy car. The elevators are specially fitted with airlock doors, and with countermeasures against nuclear, biological, and chemical threats, such as radiation meters and cleaning sprays.

Two of the elevators are in constant motion, bouncing up and down between the nine sub-levels with personnel and equipment, all day and night. The third elevator is reserved for priority movement. Only Lassiter, Avary, the brownshirts, and medical crews have access to it.

Occasionally, the elevators lock down and security protocols sound over the hidden speaker system that is spread throughout Building B. Most of the time, this is a drill. Sometimes it's due to the detection of radiation, an unidentified viral sample, or even the accidental release of a temporal-alien specimen, usually an insect.

During a lockdown, all elevator movement is arrested, and brownshirts inspect each elevator by camera. Personnel on the elevators are asked their origin point and their destination, and are asked to do an “eyeball check” of their clothing, cargo, and the elevator itself, looking for things that should not be there. If Agents are detected during such a sweep, they are held in the elevator for hours while Lassiter and Avary decide what to do with them.

The Sub-Levels

There are nine sub-levels beneath Building B. The majority of elevator stops occur between Level G (Ground) and Level 5 (Intelligence). The few elevator stops which go between Level 6 and Level 9 are very noticeable, because alerts announce them on speakers around the building.

The only unmonitored access to the sub-levels can be found by entering from the surface's emergency exit, the “storage” building described on page 9.

Level 1: Barracks

Nickname: “The Rack.” This is a sprawling maze filled with nearly 100 rooms. In each is an anonymous cot, a wall locker, a footlocker, and a TV with videotapes and DVDs.

Many of these rooms—each of which is numbered but not locked—contain clothing and everyday gear from people currently “Offsite,” including their keys and ID cards.

People on this floor generally are either pumped up and excited (those ready to head Offsite) or exhausted (those just returning). In either case, few are found in the halls. Most are either sleeping or moving to the Gate.

Level 2: Mess and Rec Area

Nickname: “Pool Hall.” This is a more modest level with perhaps a dozen large rooms. They hold foosball and ping-pong tables, video game machines, and workout

equipment. A large communal shower is split in two between men and women, and a large cafeteria closes out the floor. This floor is generally bustling with activity, with HSS personnel letting off steam and hanging about. Strangers are quickly noticed here.

Level 3: Medical

Nickname: “Pee and Prick.” This is a large level, more carefully laid out than the two above. It prepares personnel for Offsite trips, and gives general medical exams to every HSS employee every month. It is surprisingly like a hospital, with similar lighting, paint, doors, and furnishings—but, obviously, no windows.

Sometimes as many as two dozen “patients” are on this level, being treated or examined by the 14 doctors and nurses who work here in shifts. This floor is generally more laid back and sedate than those above it. People here tend to mind their own business, so strangers might get along for some time without being discovered.

Thousands of medical records can be found here, including some of anomalous deaths in the factory. Each of these odd files has two reports: what actually happened and what the authorities were told.

Level 4: Storage

Nickname: “The Warehouse.” This is a large, open level. Electrical-powered front-loaders move large crates to storage bays, some stacked as high as six meters. Only one or two personnel are on this level at any time.



The equipment here includes more and bigger versions of everything discovered in Building B, as well as crate upon crate of assault rifles, anti-tank weaponry, plastic explosives, dynamite, a generator the size of a compact car, high-tech radio equipment, a large telescope disassembled into pieces, an entire military-grade field hospital broken down into twelve crates, and more.

Anyone poking around here for more than ten minutes concludes that HSS must be building an army.

Before something is moved Offsite, it is moved here and cataloged.

Level 5: Intelligence

Nickname: "Interrogation." The Intelligence level is small. Six support personnel handle all information coming in or going out to "Offsite." Tens of thousands of hours of logs record all Offsite trips, discoveries, and problems. This floor is the first stop of all Offsite personnel after Decontamination. They spend hours spilling their guts about their experiences Offsite.

This level is manned by non-military analysts and could easily be taken by armed force. It is considered so far down towards the Gate level that it is considered safe.

Key cards can be altered here to grant access to Decon, the Zoo, and the Gate, making it possible to get to those secure levels without detection. Altering a card requires a Computer Science check or the help of an Intelligence analyst.

Levels 6 and 7: Decontamination

Nickname: "The Tank." This is a series of large, bathysphere-like chambers where Offsite personnel coming or going are subjected to cleansing, enemas, chemical scrubs, pressurized special atmosphere containment areas, bland diets, and physical examination. Decontamination spans two floors.

Personnel heading "Offsite" often spend two or more days in isolation, suffering all manner of medical oddities to purge their system of microbiological oddities. Those coming back often find themselves held for much longer periods.

The Tank is manned by a dozen personnel at a central control area. Personnel enter and administer treatments at the direction of the command personnel while being

monitored on camera. When someone is granted a clean bill of health by the command crew, they're given a pair of white coveralls and booties to wear until they can get back up to the barracks. Others, not yet cleared, wear medical garments.



Level 8: Temporal-Alien Storage

Nickname: "The Zoo." This floor contains hundreds of specimens of "Offsite" flora and fauna, as well as the reptilian creature known as Ahmed. All manner of specimens from "Offsite" are dissected, catalogued, and studied. Few are kept alive.

The main area is divided into four Biohazard Level 4 labs and adjoining suites of morgues and storage. Biohazard suits, chemical washes, and exposure to intense UV lights are required to enter any of the secured areas.

Teams work here in shifts, and there's a 30% chance the labs are totally unoccupied. Otherwise, one or two labs are occupied by teams of two to four researchers. It is almost unheard of for all four areas to be occupied at once.

Any Agent with 30% or higher **Anthropology** or **Science (Zoology)** who spends more than a few minutes looking at the computer terminals or searching the files is floored by the list of species. All are known to be extinct,

listed with various digital tags such as “full dissection,” “captured and stored,” or “remains found.”

Any Agent who makes it into any of the labs discovers hundreds of biological samples that have come out of time. Getting inside the labs requires complex biological procedures. If personnel are present, an Agent must make a **Luck** roll or a **Science (Biology)** roll or an alert is sounded.

Temporal-Alien Samples

Agents who make it into the labs can find these discoveries.

- » **MEGAFAUNA:** Hundreds of boxed, treated, and pinned insect samples, including monstrous creatures nearly two feet long. Each is marked plainly with an identifying number and another marking: “~110mya,” “~220mya,” “Unknown.” An Agent who makes a **Science (Zoology)** or equivalent skill roll realizes that every single one of these insects is extinct, and the “mya” indicates “million years ago.” That realization costs 0/1D4 SAN from the unnatural.
- » **DINOSAUR:** A dead and dissected dinosaur about one meter tall, splayed on a table with all major organs exposed. It was quite obviously in full working order not too long before. It is not a fossil or some amazing “frozen in ice” find. An Agent who makes an INT×5% roll identifies it as a dinosaur, which costs 0/1D4 SAN from the unnatural. A successful **Science (Paleontology)** or equivalent roll identifies it as an eoraptor from approximately 230 million years ago.
- » **UNKNOWN HOMINID:** A large, humanoid creature is covered in gray-white hair. It is dead but untouched. It is approximately 2.2 meters tall, and shows characteristics of both humanity and the other great apes. The tag on its toe reads “Unknown Primate, ~1.1 mya.” It is not readily identifiable. An Agent who makes a **Science (Zoology)** or equivalent roll loses 0/1 SAN from the unnatural due to the implications. An Agent with at least 20% in **Medicine**, or who makes a roll at +20%, can tell it has been dead for less than a day.
- » **SEA SERPENT:** A large, sinuous shape is curled into an oversized body bag. It is unfrozen but stinks of

chemicals. Inside is a 4.5-meter-long creature like a sea serpent. Its face is vulpine, with a wide mouth of tiny, razor-sharp teeth and large, bulbous eyes. The sticker on the bag says “Found in Nets, Day 3, Trip 0013, ~3.5 mya.”

- » **ELDER THING:** A bulbous, plant-like, bulging tube of rugose material approximately 1.2 meters tall, sealed in a large, reinforced specimen case. It is unlike anything that a modern scientist has seen; all **Science** rolls to identify it automatically fail. Examining it costs 0/1D6 SAN from the unnatural. Its body is divided into five sections, and each section extends an odd branch from the center. The thing is topped by five tubes, which look like severed bamboo chutes, and is sprinkled with small pock marks. This is a juvenile Elder Thing, discovered some 100 million years ago, apparently conducting experiments of its own. Unlike the others, this sample is still alive. Indeed, HSS has found no way to kill it. Any Agent foolish enough to open the cage finds it alive, motivated to escape, and incredibly intelligent. See **JUVENILE ELDER THING** on page 29 for details.
- » **AHMED:** Described below.

Ahmed

“Ahmed” is a captive member of the serpent-folk, kept in an isolated area past the main labs, sealed in a specially constructed vault. This containment cell is accessible only to six ID badges: Lassiter, Avary, and the four medical personnel that care for the being. A brownshirt always stands guard outside.

Inside the vault is a plexiglas enclosure in which Ahmed has been confined for decades.

If Ahmed hears even one unrecognized voice, it assumes one of its many memorized human forms, pretending to be a human captive. It begs the Agents to release it, screaming that its captors are insane. Each Agent confronted by this illusion should make an INT×5% test at a penalty of -20%. Those who succeed get a bad feeling while in Ahmed’s area. It is unidentifiable, not clearly a bad sense about Ahmed’s human shape. The feeling fades when the Agent leaves this area.



No one has entered Ahmed's cell in years. All probes and treatment are administered remotely. But the cell can be opened from outside.

The restraints on the creature's "arms" and "legs" are quite secure. The head, however, has more mobility and an incredible reach. Ahmed can distort its musculature to extend its head nearly a meter outwards from its restraints. If an Agent enters without freeing Ahmed, the serpent's head lashes out, hoping to taking a bite out.

If Ahmed manages to gain access to fresh, human blood, it uses hypergeometrical abilities to release himself, and kills its way through the plant towards the Gate. If this occurs, Delta Green may face a much greater threat than HSS poking around in the past. Ahmed might gain an army of serpent-folk from the past.

An HSS employee confronts Ahmed's transformation by administering a vicious, remote electrical shock. That switches it back to its natural, hissing form.

Ahmed is a little over two meters long, from the tip of its feet to the top of its head. It looks like a huge snake fashioned into the vague likeness of a human form, with primitive prehensile thumbs. Its reptilian skin has the

consistency of a thick tire, and is mottled with a yellow-green color like a viper's. It has two large blue eyes which never blink, and are lit with a disturbingly alien intelligence. Seeing its true form costs 1/1D6 SAN.

It is obviously ill, and is kept alive by invasive medical means. Hearing or seeing unrecognized humans, it feigns a deeper sickness for sympathy, beginning to rasp and heave his chest.

Ahmed's History

Captured some 20 years ago, this being, called Rhashass, is one of the serpent-folk. Smaller than others, it is not a degenerate but a juvenile. It fled the creeping ice of Hyperborea to equatorial Africa over a million years ago. Later, it entered a voluntary torpor.

Rhashass is from a different time period than Xichlassa, the serpent who would become Arthur Hunt, but its morality and motivations are similar. For decades after its awakening in the Middle East in 1902, Rhashass worked on a method to restore the ancient kingdom of the serpent-folk, or at least to effect its own return to the time of their greatness.

In 1982, through the use of hypergeometry, Rhashass discovered the fluctuations of the Gate beneath Duxbury undergoing testing. Rhashass adopted many human disguises and studied HSS for years, with the ultimate goal of gaining access to the company's highest levels.

This plan culminated in Rhashass' ritual consumption of Lewis Ahmed, a materials scientist, during a trip to New York in 1996. The creature assumed Ahmed's form, returned to the plant, and patiently worked its way to accessing the Gate.

Despite Rhashass' hypergeometric "scrying" on the plant, the serpent failed to realize the Gate was not fully active yet. It had expected to make its way to the Gate and simply escape, not to find the Gate partially disassembled and undergoing testing.

While it was still desperately trying to piece the Gate together, Jim Avary noticed the odd activity on Ahmed's security card. He and six brownshirts confronted "Ahmed." One brownshirt, Irving Thewliss, was killed in the struggle. Only after Thewliss died did the fight turn in favor of Avary and his crew. After biting Thewliss, the

intruder went into a blood frenzy so savage that it ignored its other assailants as they subdued and bound it.

Since its capture, Rhashass has remained under constant armed guard in the depths of the plant.

Ahmed's Uses

Ahmed's containment cell is the last stop for new HSS recruits. An undeniably alien creature, it is the last nail in the coffin of any doubt a new employee might have. Nearly every employee at the Duxbury plant has seen Ahmed, and left that room shaken to their core.

Ahmed has been systematically tortured for information over the years. It has revealed much of what it knows, which is not much. Hundreds of hours of tapes are kept in the vault, containing interviews conducted by HSS personnel. In these tapes, Ahmed confirms all of Lassiter's worst fears: that Hunt was not human; that there are dozens, possibly hundreds of beings like Ahmed and Hunt loose in the world; and that they are all driven to return to their own time, or to restore their kingdom on modern Earth.

Ahmed constructed devices to track, change, and maintain a temporal gate, planning to use them on the Gate beneath Duxbury. Jim Avary found these devices after capturing Ahmed. With Ahmed's help, HSS employees have puzzled out the operation of the devices, and have used them to great effect in maintaining and monitoring the stability of the Gate.

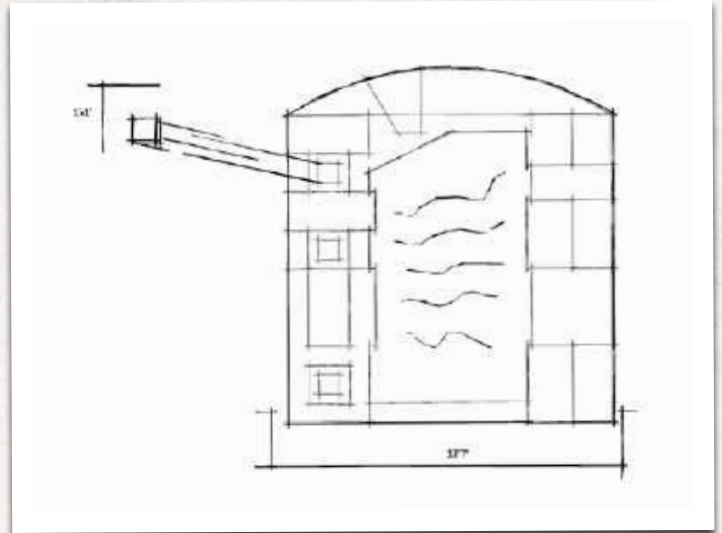
Level 9: Gate

Nickname: "Offsite." This final level is a maze of pressure locks, airlocks, and huge bulkheads of reinforced steel and carbon. Colored lines meander on the floor and on the walls, leading particular groups through the maze of rooms.

This is a busy level. People come and go, many in jumpsuits, combat boots, gloves, and helmets. Little attention is paid to unknown personnel unless they make themselves conspicuous.

Following a group deeper into the level is the best method to find the Gate. As the Agents approach, moving through various rings of airlocks, the air pressure, humidity, and temperature seem to shift. Near the center, humidity is nearly 80% and the temperature is approximately 37 degrees Celsius.

If the Agents make it this far, they gain access to the Gate room. An enormous room the size of a concert hall is filled with equipment and personnel around and the Gate.



The Gate

The gate is a 3.83 m by 3.83 m (12'7" by 12'7") stone archway with slots on the left hand side of a large portal. The slots each fit a 6.904 cm (2.718") gold cube.

The stone is a deep black substance with an almost metallic quality, unidentifiable by modern science.

The archway is filled with a deep, gray mist, much like steam. There is something odd about the way the mist drifts. It occasionally seems to twirl, twist and congeal into tiny storm-like collections of clouds, but it never drifts far from the gate before evaporating. Seeing it for the first time costs 0/1D4-1 SAN due to the unnatural.

The Gate is identical to the Hellbend gate except in two respects. First, it works properly. Second, when it opens a portal, the portal opens on both the transmitting and receiving ends, allowing two-way transit.

Gate Control

Next to the Gate is a small, odd, wheel-shaped device covered in Aklo writing. (For more about Aklo, see **ABOUT AKLO** in *Future/Perfect*, Part 1. This obviously alien device is retro-fitted to a human-constructed machine which seems to operate it. This is Ahmed's hypergeometric gate control. Huge, thick power cables run from this device up into the ceiling. Without this device, the Gate is useless.

Ahmed's device offers fine control of the device, as well as the capacity to memorize "safe" destinations that are within human tolerances. An easy way to disable the device is to steal this "tuner."

The Gate itself is rarely active, and "turning it on" requires a complex sequence entered into a computer. An unscheduled opening of the Gate automatically triggers an alert.

Agents foolish enough to travel through a triggered Gate without a clear idea of their destination deserve whatever fate the Handler can devise.

If the Agents travel to the HSS "Offsite" location, see *Future/Perfect*, Part 4.

Characters

Jim Avary

The head of HSS security is a 62-year-old white man with gray hair and brown eyes.

Jim Avary

STR 11 **CON** 12 **DEX** 16 **INT** 11 **POW** 13 **CHA** 12
HP 12 **MP** 13 **SAN** 55 **BREAKING POINT** 52

DISORDERS: Adapted to violence.

SKILLS: Accounting 25%, Alertness 65%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 25%, Dodge 34%, Driving 55%, Firearms 60%, Heavy Weapons 40%, HUMINT 50%, Military Science (Land) 35%, Persuade 60%, Search 65%, Stealth 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%, Unnatural 3%.

ATTACKS: .45 pistol 60%, damage 1D10.

Shotgun (firing shot) 80%, damage 2D10 at close range.

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4-1.

William Lassiter

The CEO of Hunt Electronics and Hunt Specialty Services is a 70-year-old white man with white hair and green eyes.

William Lassiter

STR 8 **CON** 11 **DEX** 11 **INT** 16 **POW** 13 **CHA** 15
HP 10 **WP** 13 **SAN** 40 **BREAKING POINT** 39

SKILLS: Accounting 60%, Bureaucracy 70%, Computer Science 31%, Firearms 40%, Foreign Language (Latin) 20%, HUMINT 55%, Persuade 75%, Science (Chemistry) 12%, Search 60%, Unnatural 20%.

ATTACKS: .38 special pocket revolver 40%, damage 1D8.
Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4-1.

Walter Weeks, Ph.D.

Walter Weeks, a talented but forgettable chemist, is a white man about 40 years old, short and overweight, with graying black hair and green eyes. He has a doctorate in chemical engineering from Columbia University.

Walter Weeks

STR 6 **CON** 8 **DEX** 10 **INT** 15 **POW** 6 **CHA** 9
HP 7 **WP** 6 **SAN** 26 **BREAKING POINT** 24

SKILLS: Art (Writing) 40%, Computer Science 61%, Craft (Car Restoration) 55%, Driving 45%, Search 32%, Science (Chemistry) 59%

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, 1D4-2.

Imogen Grant

Imogen Grant, née Avary, is an innocent bystander. She is a slim white woman, 31 years old, with brown hair and blue eyes.

Imogen Grant

STR 7 **CON** 12 **DEX** 14 **INT** 13 **POW** 10 **CHA** 11
HP 10 **WP** 10 **SAN** 50 **BREAKING POINT** 40

SKILLS: Art (Literature) 21%, Computer Use 20%, Driving 50%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4-2.

HSS Security Officers

Avary's hired guns all come from military backgrounds. Dedicated to the noblest cause—saving humanity from the coming alien apocalypse—they keep themselves strong. They are ready to kill or die for each other and for Avary and Lassiter.

Average Brownshirt

STR 14 **CON** 15 **DEX** 12 **INT** 10 **POW** 11 **CHA** 7
HP 15 **WP** 11 **SAN** 47 **BREAKING POINT** 44

DISORDERS: Adapted to violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 50%, Demolitions 35%, Dodge 40%, Firearms 60%, Heavy Weapons 50%, HUMINT 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 35%, Search 70%, Stealth 50%, Unarmed Combat 60%.

ATTACKS: .40 pistol 60%, damage 1D10.

AR-15 carbine 60%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.
 12-gauge shotgun (firing shot) 80%, damage 2D10
 at close range.
 MP5SD suppressed submachine gun 60%, damage 1D10 or
 Lethality 10%.
 Pepper spray 60%, stuns target.
 Heavy flashlight 50%, damage 1D4+1.
 Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4.

EQUIPMENT: Brownshirts are regularly equipped with handcuffs, a spray can of mace, a flashlight (also usable as a club), and a standard Glock pistol. They wear a heavy leather belt which also holds a radio, which has a threaded earpiece/microphone that makes communication only a matter of speaking; no keys need be triggered. Carbines and shotguns are kept in the security building and in lockers in security offices on each level of the facility. A few MP5SD submachine guns are kept in lockers in the sub-levels, and are used only in training and by hunt-and-kill teams.

Anonymous Killer

An assassin hired by Avary is likely to be a combat veteran with a serious criminal record and no ties to HSS. His most likely tactic is to plan a hit after observing the target for a few days, and then take a single shot from long range. If it misses, he retreats to stalk the target again.

Silent Mechanic

STR 14 **CON** 13 **DEX** 14 **INT** 10 **POW** 7 **CHA** 7
HP 14 **WP** 7 **SAN** 35 **BREAKING POINT** 30

DISORDERS: Adapted to violence and helplessness.

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 45%, Computer Science 30%, Demolitions 50%, Dodge 40%, Driving 45%, Firearms 70%, Law 10%, Melee Weapons 55%, Military Science (Land) 30%, Persuade 30%, Stealth 60%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

ATTACKS: Longbow T-76 sniper rifle with advanced combat optical gunsight 70%, Lethality 15%, Armor Piercing 5.
 9 mm pistol 70%, damage 1D10.
 Hand grenade 65% (including a bonus for its blast radius), Lethality 15%, Kill Radius 10 m.
 Combat knife 55%, damage 1D6+1, Armor Piercing 3.
 Unarmed 55%, damage 1D4.

ACOG: The killer's sniper rifle has an advanced combat optical gunsight. It grants a +20% bonus to hit if the killer has taken no damage since his last action, and it doubles the rifle's base range if the killer has spent the previous action aiming. After taking an undisturbed turn to aim and double the range, the killer's chance to hit is 110% at up to 400 meters, 90% at up to 800 meters, or 70% at up to 2,000 meters.

"Ahmed"

Ahmed, as HSS calls the serpent Rhashass, is described on page 24.

Rhashass

STR 10 **CON** 10 **DEX** 13 **INT** 18 **POW** 14
HP 10 **WP** 14

ARMOR: 2 points of thick, scaly skin.

SKILLS: Alertness 80%, Anthropology (Human) 35%, Disguise 40%, Dodge 60%, Medicine 99%, Science (Biology) 99%, Sciences (Serpent-Folk) 90%, Search 90%, Survival 70%, Unnatural 65%.

ATTACKS: Bite 55%, damage 1D6, Armor Piercing 3 (see **VENOM**).

Grapple 45%, damage special (see **BLOOD FRENZY**).

Sign of Power, damage 2D6 (see **SIGN OF POWER**).

BLOOD FRENZY: A target that is bleeding causes one of the serpent-folk to enter a blood frenzy. It attempts to grapple and pin the victim. If it succeeds, it drains 1 HP per round from blood loss until the victim dies. Only a **Dodge** roll allows the target to escape. A seized victim can attempt an opposed **STR** roll to struggle free, suffering 1D4 damage from tearing flesh. Any successful attack on the serpent during the blood frenzy causes this attack to cease. During this blood frenzy, the serpent cannot perform any other action until the target is dead or escapes.

CHARNEL VISAGE: The serpent-folk have no **CHA** stat as humans would understand it. A serpent that uses an unnatural ritual such as Changeling Feast to disguise itself as human gains a **CHA** stat, usually with a score equal to half its **INT**. Ahmed has ritually consumed a dozen victims and can instantly switch its appearance to any of them.

IMMORTALITY: A member of the serpent-folk never grows old, starves to death, or perishes of natural causes. If it fails to feed on fresh meat or blood, after a period of time, it enters a torporous state which can sometimes last hundreds, perhaps millions, of years.

INHUMAN DODGE: Serpent-folk have preternatural senses and reaction speed, allowing them to Dodge even firearm attacks. This includes Lethality attacks from machine guns, but not from explosives or hypergeometry.

VENOM: If a serpent-folk bite inflicts damage (in other words, if it's not stopped by armor), then the victim also suffers poisoning. The venom has a Speed of 1D6 turns and Lethality 15%. An antidote that treats snake venom is effective if the victim makes a **Luck** roll.

RITUALS: Changeling Feast, Clairvoyance, Fascination, and Withering.

SIGN OF POWER: With a gesture, Ahmed can cause a single person to be flung backwards with extreme force, inflicting 2D6 damage. It is unknown whether this ability is a ritual or an inherent ability.

UNNATURAL BIOLOGY: Serpent-folk physiology would baffle any biologist. Making a called shot for "vitals" or another apparently vulnerable area inflicts normal damage, with no special game effect.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D6.

Juvenile Elder Thing

The small Elder Thing held in the HSS lab appears dormant at most times. If its cage is opened, it immediately springs into raging life to break free. Though still quite young and foolish by the standards of its kind, it is unfathomably intelligent when compared to any human. It may often make deductions and pursue courses that seem impossible based on the thinnest information.

Elder Thing

STR 20 **CON** 35 **DEX** 7 **INT** 30 **POW** 10
HP 28 **WP** 10

ARMOR: 7 points of rugose skin (see **RESILIENT**).

SKILLS: Flight 45%, Swim 99%, Unnatural 55%.

ATTACKS: *Grasp and tear* 45%, damage 2D6 (see **GRASP AND TEAR**).

ENVIRONMENTAL IMMUNITY: The Elder Thing can survive in nearly any climate, and is as much at home in outer space

as in the lightless depths of the ocean. It never suffers damage from environmental changes.

ETHERIC FLIGHT: The five wings which unfold from the torso of the Elder Thing seem to press against some otherworldly substance, allowing it to fly through the air, in the sea or in space. On Earth it can fly approximately 100 kph in the air and 50 kph in the ocean.

GRASP AND TEAR: The Elder Thing's body is incredibly strong. When confronted with a biological threat, the creature is not above simply grabbing it in implacable tendrils and tearing it to pieces.

RESILIENT: A successful Lethality roll does not destroy an Elder Thing, but inflicts HP damage equal to the Lethality rating.

SUPER-INTELLIGENCE: Elder Things' five-lobed brains and alien science are a billion years in advance of humanity. An Elder Thing may use its INT test for any Science skill, or other human skill it has a few hours to study.

TORPOR: When reduced to 1 HP, an Elder Thing enters a torpor which—due to its alien nature—is nearly impossible to differentiate from death. Only pre-knowledge of this state, or a critical success in an appropriate science skill roll, can detect the faint pulse of autonomic life. This torpor allows the Elder Thing to lie in place for millions of years with no ill effect. The ultimate extent of the torpor's survivability is unknown. Extraordinary measures can fully destroy the body, and by one account the rebellious shoggoths slew their masters by decapitation. Otherwise, all lost HP lost are restored within less than a week after the Elder Thing revives from torpor. What factors contribute to an Elder Thing's awakening are beyond human understanding and are up to the Handler.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D8.

